

even upon Christ. "Seeing they crucify, to themselves, the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame." Hebrews vi, 6. "What! have ye not houses to eat and to drink in? or despise ye the church of God, and shame them that have not?" 1 Cor. xi, 22. These scriptures positively prove the possibility of bringing shame upon the church, and its individual members, and also upon Christ. O! how careful we ought to be, and not bring shame upon ourselves, as it will destroy our good influence, and greatly retard the work of God's grace. The Apostle says, "hope maketh not ashamed." Rom. v, 5. Such hope brings about a good experience, it fosters the virtues of faith, charity, and patience, which will bring the good things hoped for, and there will be joy and peace. O! how often my conscience has smote me in by-gone days, which caused a feeling of shame to take hold of me, and even just now, I feel ashamed because of my inactivity in the church. I have even not been a reader of the EVANGELIST for the past two years until very lately. Nothing from my pen found its way to its precious columns, during those two years. I was even ignorant of the fact that the EVANGELIST had changed its location, and form as well, until very lately when I again became a subscriber, for all which I confess I feel ashamed.

Myself and family now hail the EVANGELIST's weekly arrival, and, we treat it as one of our most welcome visitors, and it comes to stay as the form is much more convenient for preservation. I am now out of Medical College work, and I may do better in the future.

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HAPPINESS.

BY LOUIS S. BAUMAN.

Looking out upon the great sea of life what a mighty struggle we see from day to day. We behold each son of humanity in his little boat struggling on towards some fair haven upon the shores. Some gain the coveted place by chance, by a mere turn of the wind, others by long and unwearied toil, while not a few sink beneath the waves in hopeless despair. How few can be

found who are not aiming for one of these four great goals of life. Some for enjoyment, some for wealth, some for honor, some for knowledge. And when they have gained their prize, they are the more unsatisfied for the having. Go search the records of man and find him who stood with one or more of these in his possession, and contented himself with these alone.

When fortune favors us with our desires, how often we go back with memory to the swiftly flying past and do as did the judge of Maud Muller, who

"Closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover blooms."

There is no doubt that a Kansas mother was very sincere who lately said, "I often think how much happier we used to be when we put our little children into the old farm wagon on Sunday morning and drove across the prairie to Sabbath school and to church, than we are now when we would be ashamed to be seen in the old wagon."

It was a beautiful incident in the life of that man, who like Webster and Clay, was too great to be president,—James G. Blaine. It was immediately after the great campaign of 1892, about the time his life began to be dispaired of, as we can easily remember. A New York correspondent had been sent to Bar Harbor to interview him, but he refused to speak a word upon the political situation.

"Then if you will not talk politics Mr. Blaine, will you not at least talk, upon every day topics? Will you please tell me for instance, what was the happiest period of your life? And how much would you advise others to gain happiness?"

"Yes," said the beloved statesman, "the happiest time in my life was before the people became interested in me. Before I was watched, followed, talked about, persecuted. When I was a simple lawyer, happy over a five dollar case. And to others I would say that the quiet life is the happy one—to be the unknown person. Tolstoi is right. He has the right idea. Happiness lies in homespun and in toil."

Think of the mighty conqueror of the East, Alexander, who, dying in the morning of life, yet lived long enough to stir nations to their profoundest

depths and to proclaim himself Emperor of the World. Yet in the hour when he stood at the pinnacle of this earthly glory, Alexander the great Great wept because there was nothing left to conquer.

How true is the proverb, "the more we get the more we want." To which we can truly add, the more we want the unhappier we become. Granting this to be an axiom, is it possible that happiness can be supplied with the things of earth? O how naturally man grasps for something beyond this vale of disappointment which we call life.

We are not, never have and never will be satisfied with the highest gifts of this existence. We may strive and attain, yet like the good Antonio we exclaim:

"In sooth, I know not why I'm sad;
It wearies me."

Ah! How humanity reaches out after the Infinite and the Eternal.

Until the inner and nobler passions are satisfied, man is of all creatures the most miserable. These satisfied, and life here, with or without its own glittering gifts, cannot but be one long day of peace and contentment.

She is lying upon a princely couch the gilded chandelier dazzles her eyes with its wondrous brilliance. Art decorates the palace walls with its master-hand. The jeweled vases filled with the beautiful and rare from hill and dale, rival the tastes of Venus.

Fame throws her silken garment across the bed. The world stands ready to do her service, and she raises her jeweled hand and bids it draw near.

In tones, strange and weird, she speaks: "Go write upon yon worthless stone, UNHAPPY!" Death sets the seal of eternal silence upon those lips.

The world forgets her bidding. But the low moan of the wind above that palatial tomb brings from out its deep darkness the echo of that departing voice, "Unhappy!"

"Softly!" A mother spirit is about to wing its flight. Upon that plain old bed, where often in days gone by, she lulled the restless little ones to sleep; beneath that plain old window where the golden rays,—broken here and there by the wild cucumber and the rose vine—play silently though merrily; within those plain old walls, decorated